

The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1950

"The Busman's Honeymoon"



Mr. Puffett Will you 'ave the Reverend's gun, my lord? (ACT 2).

Photo.: LASHBROOK

LORD PETER
Drew.

SUPT. KIRK
Bamford.

P.C. SELLON.
Vale

HARRIET.
Janet Davies

FRANK CRUTCHLEY.
Pearce.

MR. PUFFETT.
Sargeant.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 95

MARCH, 1950

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER

COMMITTEE :

Dorothy Rose, Mary Burrows, Jennifer Birch, Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster, Holifield, Finnemore, Davies ii.

EDITORIAL

Inquiries have recently reached us from several Old Scholars as to why, from time to time, they receive their copies of the RECORD very late. We are very sorry that they have had cause for complaint, and are, at the same time, glad that they have reported the matter to us. Old Scholars may be assured that, except when the person who delivers their magazines is absent, and when no substitute can be found, all magazines are despatched from school on the day of issue. We depend upon the boys and girls who deliver these magazines to do so promptly, and when they present us with payment we conclude that the magazines have already reached their destination. On inquiring into the cases where complaints have been made, we find that almost always the person who has had to deliver the magazine has himself paid the money and then neglected to make the delivery at once. Where any Old Scholar finds that his RECORD is consistently delivered late, we suggest that he should become a postal subscriber (at no extra cost to himself), and he will then be sure of getting his magazine on the morning after it is issued. Each term, close on a hundred magazines are thus despatched by post.

THE SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

Bryan, A. E. (VI), 1944-49.

*Hill, A. M. (VI), 1944-49.

*Holder, Janet (VI), 1944-49

*Kinnersley, J. W. (VI), 1943-49.

Tarver, G. C. (VI), 1944-49.

Williams, M. I. (VI), 1945-49.

Churchley, P. R. (Upp. V.a), 1945-49.

Warwick, C. D. (Upp. V.b), 1948-49.

Codling, P. A. (Low. V.a), 1947-49.

Gravestock, D. (Low. V.a), 1946-49.

Cooke, V. M. (Low. V.a), 1946-49.

Adams, C. A. (Upp. IV.b), 1947-49.

* Prefect.

There have been 299 pupils in attendance this term.

THE OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

Hon. Secretary :
J. M. Stewart.

President :
G. P. Baylis

Hon. Treasurer :
Mrs. M. Feast.

At the end of 1949, the President, J. Stuart Wright, completed his three years of office, which is the maximum term allowed by the rules of the Guild. All members know how much the Guild owes to him since it was re-formed. He occupied the chair at the inaugural meeting of August, 1946, and was then elected Acting President, later to be confirmed at the Christmas Reunion in the same year. His steadying influence and personal prestige, not to mention his abundant good advice, has kept the Guild on the right track through many awkward situations. Everyone will wish him to carry on a very close association with the Guild.

The new President, Geoffrey Baylis, is well-known to all Old Scholars and has been Chairman of the Committee for the past three years, and has also ably presided at Reunions in the absence of the President. We wish him every success.

CHRISTMAS REUNION, December 17th, 1949.

This was a memorable occasion, chiefly because of the really seasonable meal of roast turkey, pudding and pies, put on by Mrs. Rutter and her staff. A rumour of the good food must have spread, for nearly a hundred Old Scholars and staff sat down, bedecked in paper hats.

At the Business Meeting following supper, the chief item was the election of a new President. Unfortunately, Stuart Wright was ill in bed and Geoffrey Baylis took the chair in his stead. The latter was unanimously elected President for 1950. New members of the Committee are : *Alcester*, J. Gittus ; *Salford*, G. Hillman ; *Astwood Bank*, G. Bomford.

It was decided that as Miss Weatherup had retired and Mr. Walker was leaving at Easter, a suitable commemoration of their service should be made, and all Old Scholars will be hearing of plans in connection with this very soon.

A resolution was passed deploring any attempt to alter the name of the School, as had been suggested.

After the meeting dancing went on in the Hall to the music of the Alauna Band and with G. Baylis as M.C., until midnight came, and we regretfully ended our activities for 1949.

LIFE MEMBERS.

At the Reunion it was decided that another and final appeal should be made to pre-war Life Members to send in their particulars to the Secretary, whose list so far contains only half a dozen names. The Guild has agreed that all Life Memberships will be honoured, provided that names are received before the Summer Reunion.

DANCE.

The Guild Dance, held at the Alcester Town Hall on November 25th, was such a success that another has been arranged for Friday, March 31st, when it is hoped that just as good support will be forthcoming. Patronising the Dance is one way in which you can help to keep the Guild going.

BIRTHS

On May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Parry (nee Myra Jones)—a son.

On November 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Gorman (nee Lucy Collier)
—a son.

On February 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. P. McCarthy (nee Margaret Cotton)—a daughter.

On February 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. John Huxley—a son.

MARRIAGES

On February 11th, at Hanwell, London, Geoffrey Lee to Patricia Carman (scholar 1940-43).

On February 18th, at Oswestry, David C. A. Quinney (scholar 1932-33) to Katherine Sydney Walker.

DEATH

On February 24th, Peter Thomas McCarthy (scholar 1943-44), aged 21 years.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

G. D. Pickering is in the Judge Advocate General's department of the Army and has gone to Singapore.

A. Rook travelled by air to Australia and New Zealand early in February on business for the Austin Motor Company.

R. H. Collier has recently joined the staff of St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School.

Winifred Kessey has been giving a series of talks from the Cairo Broadcasting Studios.

On February 21st, Betty Francis read a story for younger listeners in the B.B.C. Midland Children's Hour.

From a recent letter from D. G. Mortimer, we learn that his ship has of late been trading between Sweden and South America. He spent a very hot Christmas Day in mid-Atlantic.

B. F. Hunt and G. C. Tarver are now with the Forces.

The Old Scholars' team which met the School at hockey on February 18th, was:—E. Bunting, C. Bunting, S. Walker, J. Stewart, J. Gittus, W. McCarthy, G. Adkins, D. Payne, Mr. Petherbridge, and two present scholars.

With much regret we have to report the death of P. T. McCarthy in a motor-cycle accident at Alcester. We extend our sympathy to his wife, his mother and his two brothers, all of whom have been scholars of A.G.S.

MAKE-UP AND THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

The art of make-up is literally as old as the Pyramids—even older!

The ladies of Ancient Egypt were wedded to the use of their unguents and perfumes during their life-time, and in death, alabaster toilet pots and perfume vases formed part of their funerary equipment and went with them to the tomb. According to Ancient Egyptian rites, the bodies of the dead must be provided with all necessary material needs so that the spirit in the dead body may remain alive, and its after-life be ensured. Excavation of the tombs of the dead, with their treasure troves of personal possessions, has revealed to us many of the glories and much of the beauty of what is acknowledged to be one of the greatest civilisations of all times—the civilisation of Ancient Egypt. Amongst the smaller objects discovered in the tombs have been articles of toilet, such as a golden manicure instrument for cleaning and caring for the nails; a toilet box with eight smaller alabaster vases containing unguents and kohl; an artistic perfume vase in which the sweet scents of those days were kept.

With such exquisite proof before our eyes, it is but a small step to let our imagination stray back into the past, to those days of fascinating antiquity, and to visualise a lady of Ancient Egypt as she performs her toilet, doubtlessly preparing herself for the evening's gaiety. Picture her with her hand-maidens: one maid smoothing the delicate and scented unguents over her mistress's skin, while the skilful fingers of another maid twist her hair into innumerable, elaborate plaits. Before her is an open toilet box, and she takes from it a small alabaster pot containing ground malachite with which she paints her eyes. In another small pot is kohl, which she uses to lengthen, blackly, her eyebrows. She uncovers her perfume vase and adds the final touch with which to gild the lily.

And then, her make-up completed, her jewel-box is brought. Over her hands, with their tinted finger-nails, are slipped wide golden bracelets; on her ankles are clasped golden anklets; around her neck is placed a collar of gold and precious stones, intricately fashioned. As she views herself in her large, metal mirror, her maids deftly arrange her soft white linen garment to fall in elegant pleats. Perfumed and coiffured, besplendoured and bejewelled, she steps forth to the banqueting and

merry-making—a lady whom we picture today through the grace of what are now priceless antiquities, and which, on her death, were her everyday needs accompanying her to her tomb. And this tomb had been carefully built and prepared for her during her life-time, in accordance with the custom of those days.

This, then, was the forerunner of the cream jars, nail lacquer bottles, mascara boxes and rouge pots that are to be found arrayed on the dressing-table of the lady of today! The gentle art of make-up is a custom that was conjured when the world was young, and it has stayed with us until now. Through the ages, the fashion of make-up has changed, as the appearance of the modern woman, when compared with women of other times, will testify. The aim of make-up, however, has remained the same—it is to make more beautiful, to enhance. No doubt in time the present fashion will be outmoded and we shall date as much as those who have gone before us. In fact, it is true to say that we do date even within our own times, for make-up nowadays changes with every season of the year, instead of age by age, and what was the fashion last year is no longer the fashion this year.

But remember when next you pause to ponder on this make-up question—it's nothing new! For those incomparable Ancient Egyptians had more than just a word to say on the matter.

WINIFRED KESSEY.

NOBODY DOES ANYTHING IN UPPER V.a.

We are a most uninteresting form. Nothing unusual ever happens. We have only five boys, but is any one of them very enterprising? And even with sixteen girls, nobody does anything spectacular.

"If only we had so-and-so in our form, we should have some fun," is the frequent cry of many of the members of the form. Every other form seems to have someone who likes doing unusual things, but not ours. Nobody swings along the bars in the roof of the classroom—am I revealing the state secrets of some previous Upper Fifths? Nobody hides in the cupboard and makes a spy-hole in the door so that he can see but not be seen, as did a certain member of the Upper Fifth of two or three years ago. Nobody fiddles about with the lamp-bulbs so that the lights will not turn on properly, as I have heard a member of another form does. Nobody puts paper hats on the head of old "Stony Bloke" (as the figure at the head of the stairs is called), as did one former scholar. Nobody invents good nicknames, either for teachers or members of the form. Nobody says funny things unconsciously. They do all these and more in other forms.

Oh, why doesn't somebody in Upp. V.a do something interesting? Can we not liven up our form so that even the teachers, who complain that we're always asleep, would have to give us credit for having done something well?

BARBARA DRULLER
(Upp. V.a)

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

Roland d'Arqueville was a poet, and like many of his profession, possessed the inherent curiosity that goes hand in hand with poetic inspiration. It was undoubtedly this curiosity that had spurred him to find out more about his fellow passengers. As he reclined at ease in the comfortable seat of the air-liner, he reflected with satisfaction that each was an interesting specimen.

In the corner near the front of the cabin was the corpulent, florid man. His eyes were small, dark and piercing, and he had a mane of oily black hair. He was a politician, returning home from an important conference, and, no doubt, in the bulging brief-case which he clutched on his knee, was valuable evidence to enhance his own reputation and to lower that of his opponents. Behind, and to his left, sat an average sized, stockily built man with large horn-rimmed glasses. He was an author who had successfully completed negotiations for the publication of several of his books. He had a satisfied smirk and, no doubt, a fat cheque in his wallet.

The door from the promenade deck opened and two men walked in. The one was a film-star, an idol of the silver screen, very handsome and, like most of his species, very much aware of it. He was, however, a successful film-actor, as no doubt his gaudy American tie indicated, and it was common knowledge that his contract still had five years to run. The other was also an actor on his way home from "a short rest," as the theatrical world naively terms unemployment. He had a satisfied, happy smile on his face which, to Roland d'Arqueville, symbolised the spirit of all his fellow-travellers. Each had his own particular success which made life well worth living.

Suddenly, without any indication of trouble, the port, and then the starboard, engines spluttered and stopped. The plane and all those in it stood face to face with death. The swirling grey clouds outside, and the immobility of the engines, created an abysmal silence. Roland d'Arqueville's thoughts turned now to himself. The others, he knew, did not want and dreaded death: he was not so sure. His life as a poet had never been an easy one, and even now, moderately successful and middle-aged as he was, he knew what was meant by the fear of poverty. Many poets, no better and no worse than he, had lived only to eke out a miserable pittance and to die unread and unsung. Uncertain and mysterious as it might be, he could welcome death.

Then in a moment the swirling obscurity of the clouds was gone, and the plane glided out and down into the clear air. Below, where previously had been only grey uncertainty, stood green fields and hedgerows, warmed and tinted by a golden sun; white cliffs, a blue sea and a short, white-rigged yacht bobbing about on the white-crested waves. A flood of nostalgia swept over him and, as happens to the man awaiting execution, the scenes of happiness in his life swept before his eyes. He prayed to be saved.

As if in answer, one engine and then the other sprang to life again. Ten minutes later the airliner stood on the airport runway and disgorged its human cargo. The politician was greeted by a committee of welcome,

and made the usual speech to the newsreel cameras. The next day, however, the newspapers reported that he looked much paler than usual. An adoring, though mercenary, wife met the author, and the film-star was surrounded, much to his pleasure, by a swarm of bobby soxers. In attempting to strike a dramatic pose for the cameramen, the actor stumbled and fell down the companionway.

Roland d'Arqueville was the last to leave. He stood alone in the cabin where earlier they had faced death. The music from the "Pirates of Penzance," which he had once heard many years ago, ran back through his brain. As he stepped on to the sunlit tarmac one verse and one tune reached a crescendo in his mind. Contentedly, he walked forward into the warm, mellow sunlight of an English summer's day . . .

"Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon."

J. HOLIFIELD
(VI).

A PART-TIME POSTMAN

At Christmas time, being short of cash,
My only asset youthful dash,
For work it seemed I would have to try,
But which way did my talents lie?

The Post Office seemed my best bid,
The pay being about three quid.
The Post Mistress said, "Start at eight,
And don't forget, do not be late."

Early to bed or I'll be late,
For early rising I do hate.
But mother roused me with a shout,
Calling, "Come on, time posty's out."

I walk and walk. My feet are sore,
The letters come in more and more:
Fetching, sorting, stamping the post,
Scrutinising hand-writing close.

Some people do not seem to know
How far their parcels have to go.
The string they use is not too stout,
All the contents come tumbling out.

Addressing letters is an art,
In itself a class apart.
If the writing's good and clear,
The sorter has no need to peer.

At last my duty properly done,
Cash replenished, home I run.
Next week, my assets, lots of cash.
But Oh! I've lost my youthful dash!

W. HITCHINGS
(Upp. V.a.).

WIMSEYCAL WANDERINGS

When we ventured upon the production of "Busman's Honey-moon" last Autumn, none of us realised exactly how much wandering was to be involved before the play was staged. Certainly, we never visualised a performance at the "Entaco," and the nonchalant attitude of Wimsey himself was notably absent from most of our proceedings!

Excitement began to rise when the plaster-board arrived. What size did we want the fireplace? How wide, and how high? "Well, Crutchley has to lean on it," we said, "and Lord Peter and Mr. Puffett stand inside." In due course, they were "fitted."

Once the panelling began, the stage-manager transferred the set to the Art Room. Whether he hoped that artistic tastes would influence the design, or that some good fairy might complete a panel overnight, we don't know, but certainly he was heard to mutter, "... that was *why* I *put* it *there*!" The Art Room, however, assuredly played its part. Its posters at a later date were to prove a boon; while its crested programmes were our pride and joy.

At this juncture, Miss Young was much besought by a wandering Sixth Form, armed with anything from a cardboard model of the stage to a set of sweep's rods complete with brushes, or a borrowed dress to test for colour. One of Lady Harriet's dance dresses left hanging in the Rest Room caused eager speculation about Staff activities—quite unfounded we regret to relate.

Tactful pleas soon became the order of the day. Never will the producer forget one awful week of apparently never-ending queries. "If you know of *anyone* who could *possibly* loan a *size* 15 wing collar, or stiff linen collar, will you *please*," etc, etc, etc., or "Do you know anyone who has a discarded 2 inch lamp glass? It can *not* be returned because it must be broken"—and then we applied such tough muslin to prevent flying fragments, that it only bent and rolled on the ground!

Furniture was another problem. Three days before the production we had no sideboard, but two lovely brass candlesticks to put on it. After many frantic telephonings we were finally befriended. "Just the job," said those who were sent to fetch it.

May we here say, "Thank you very, very much" to all those parents, friends and pupils who begged, borrowed, lent and brought the horrifying number of properties which were essential for our set. Immense was our relief, and great the cheering, as one by one they appeared, and greater than all was the producer's relief when they were safely home again! We set our property management a task indeed to keep order amid ever-encroaching chaos, but they had their revenge in items such as "sherry" made from cold tea and orangeade, which is not as palatable as it looks!

Rehearsals provided quite as many memorable events as the production itself. There was the day when Pearce, kicking at the ground to indicate profound disgust, met the staff desk sooner than he expected; and the day when two small children, providing an unbidden audience, refused to obey the loud and raucous commands of the cast, but responded

at once to the gentle and dulcet tones, hitherto unsuspected to be at the command of the producer, who merely said quietly, "Now just shut the door and go downstairs, there's a dear."

Then came our bus wanderings to Studley. Not only *we* felt the atmosphere unreal. The horror-stricken conductor gazed, as in a nightmare, at our invasion, twenty strong, and complete with aspidistras, pokers, rugs and trunk of clothing, not to mention "George" and "Bill," laden with orangeade, sandwiches and cakes, who every moment threatened to dispose of this, our tea. Finally, our conductor plucked up courage to ask us what we were doing. We told him. "Busman's Honey-moon, eh?" he grinned. "Ah!" reminiscently, "I've 'ad mine!"

Once arrived, Maestro Bunter saw a grand opportunity—or, to be more precise, a grand piano. Away flew all instructions about "not touching *anything* that did not belong to us," and Mr. Hadwen's Hammerers and Bangers soon had competition from the "Twelfth Street Rag." Exit Bunter.

Backstage, the actresses viewed with much amusement the vanity of the male, who took to make-up like a duck to water, and soon became extremely critical. Woe betide him or her of the ungentle touch, or the forgetful memory. "Don't yer reckon I should 'ave a bit more red over 'ere?" said one, more anxious than grammatical, and "You put purple on yesterday," with a baleful and accusing eye upon green shadowing from another. Very helpful their interest proved.

With so many proverbially helpless males to "dress," the girls were left much to themselves, and here Dorothy Rose gave sterling service, from applying their make-up and brushing their clothes, to dressing their hair and finding their "oddments"—all while dealing with the music. Her concentration, with a mouth full of long, black hairpins while dealing with Miss Twitterton's "bun," needed to be seen to be believed, and if the music could not be heard in the auditorium, at least it provided an excellent time-signal for the harassed back-stage flock.

Mr. Hadwen, watch in hand (and, all too frequently, gun in the other!), proved a relentless task-master on the Friday night particularly. Anyone the wrong side of the stage when the curtain rose had "had it." Efforts, other than a last minute scutter, involved crawling at the back of the set, gingerly negotiating sooty patches, and ending ignominiously on all fours to avoid being seen through the window.

It is a generally accepted fact that we as a cast salute the back stage boys, who joined our wanderings, built the set, and managed it for us. They dealt with doors and windows, soot and lighting, with an aplomb you would have thought came from long experience, but the hanging cactus was the stage manager's special pride. He alone supervised that swing. His was the thumb that "let it go"—and he privately confided he was glad to do so. "It seemed endless waiting for that cue!" he said.

To the producer most things on the Thursday night seemed endless, particularly the mistakes, but on the Friday the "pace" was fine. The tension in the audience during Act III could be felt back-stage, and

proved that we had "got across." For the first time we regretted that there was not a third performance, and our "Wimseycal" wanderings were at an end.

Nevertheless, we shall not embark on another play with *thirteen* in the cast. Fate seemed determined to reduce this for us, and to Stanley we shall be eternally grateful for his prompt and willing service as an understudy. This was really yet another example of an outstanding and praiseworthy feature of the production, its excellent teamwork—for no-one tried to "steal the show" at the expense of another player—and those who acted in less glamorous capacities, particularly the prompt and electrician, worked as hard as those who had parts to learn.

To the Entaco Club we say, "Many thanks," not only for allowing us to use their well-equipped stage, but also for their generous hospitality to thirsty souls, and their warm-hearted understanding of our wilder elements. They made our memories happy ones, indeed.

BULLS AND ALL THAT

What happened to me could happen to anybody working on a farm.

It was the August holidays at the time, and I was doing farm work. The foreman, who was a pleasant sort of a chap, came up to me and said, "I want you to groom the bull; he's quite harmless." Whether he was or not, I didn't care for the idea.

I approached the bull pen with great care, opened the door, and there stood a massive red and white Hereford bull. I approached this ferocious brute, talking fearlessly to him. He looked at me with a glint in his eye, as much as to say, "Ah! here comes another victim." I took the comb in my hand and ran it down the bull's back. He gave me a nasty look. I thought that if I gave him some hay he would be too busy eating to notice my combing him. I did this and combed him, but I did not give him an extra-special comb.

Six weeks later I heard that the same bull had gored the foreman, and that the farmer had had to shoot it. When the foreman came out of hospital I reminded him of the quite harmless bull. I also had some nice beef round about last August. I expect it was from the bull that I had groomed.

P. PERKINS (Low. V.b).

A DAY IN MARCH

The wind is blowing against the panes,
The hats are flying down the lanes,
The children are playing with paper planes,
On a windy day in March.

The umbrellas turn inside out,
The paper is flying round about,
The smoke from chimneys blows about,
On a windy day in March.

D. G. BEARD
(III.b).

A.G.S. - C.J.E.K.

Twelve years ago I first walked down the school corridor, hand in hand with Mr. Caton, or so I am told. I was put into the Kindergarten, and was for several years the youngest boy in the school. Indeed, my father used at first to take me home each day after morning school, and when later I stayed, I had to rest after dinner.

My first lessons comprised the three R's, with handwork and art, and were mostly from Miss Weatherup. As I used to enjoy reading most, she used to bribe me to do my other work by saying that I could read a book when I had finished it.

I used to like my lessons, even in those days, for one snowy morning when the bus failed to turn up, I walked the four miles to school with some bigger boys. My parents were most worried when they thought I had disappeared, and I would not repeat the performance at any price!

In one of my first summer holidays I went to school for a few weeks in the middle of August; in those days we had really long holidays. I remember being allowed to choose the story to be read to us on my birthday—the first, and last, time I had a birthday in school hours.

Another incident which sticks in my mind is being taken to see some excavations in that intriguing region known as "over the wall." I knew little archaeology in those days, and I would like to see that piece of Alcester again.

The first addition to my curriculum was French—in Remove. This I started from an exciting book about "Reynard et le Coq." Then in the third form I first discovered the sciences and a host of other new subjects. Miss Cookson, our mathematics teacher, used to give us mathematical sides matches to increase our interest. The form was divided into three teams, and a representative from each tried to finish first a calculation on the blackboard.

This reminds me of something fast disappearing from our school—the end of term leisure. In the last week of each term we used to have puzzles set us, or books to read instead of our normal work. But now the term seems to proceed briskly forward until at two o'clock on the last day it stops with a jerk (due to the sudden deceleration—or perhaps to the reports!) Even after the July examinations, only the lucky people who have just evaded the perils of "School Cert." or "Higher" can relax.

Another vanishing custom is the "craze." One day in the early stages of the war a boy brought a small flare parachute to school. Next week the air was full of floating parachutes and their sprinting owners. But by the following term the craze had faded out altogether; the cricket season had arrived. The only reminders of it were a few small, muddy parachutes, inextricably mingled with the telephone wires, some of which remain to this day. Today we have only two semi-permanent crazes—football and tig.

Our games were much more original than now; we were fond of tig and hide and seek, but these readily gave way to anything more interesting. When we were first making our "approach to Latin," we learnt the word "arx, arcis"—a citadel, and as there were plenty of old bricks in the bottom corner of the field, we decided to build an "arx"

against the wall. We built some quite successful dry stone walls, augmenting our supplies of bricks from over the wall, and enjoyed besieging and defending our citadel. When the shelters appeared we had some fun playing in them; we used to work the pumps in them until they ceased to function, and one engineer-to-be tried his hand at syphoning water out with a long length of black hose-pipe!

I was not, despite these pursuits, which were sometimes frowned on by the authorities, particularly naughty when I was small. I used, however, to be sent out of some of my mathematics lessons at one period, for that unspeakable crime—talking. Now the staff seem much more human and approachable than in those far-off days.

There have been many changes in the last twelve years. The new buildings arrived soon after I did, taking the place of a second black hut, and I do not remember the old laboratories in the History Room. The next newcomer was the canteen, just after the war, which took the place of our original cycle sheds, and made what was once the woodwork shop into the kitchen. It is certainly an improvement on the old canteen—the domestic science room—which was getting so crowded that dinners spread to the hall and physics lab. The Education Act has changed many things.

Most of my early companions have left me long ago, and I believe I am the “oldest inhabitant” of the school. But even I must leave sometime. I hope soon to become a new boy once more—at Cambridge, but unfortunately, I may have to be a new recruit in the Army before starting my second phase of learning.

C. J. E. KEMPSTER
(VI).

TO TOWN BY BUS

“Who’s for a ride in the omnibus!”
A ring of the bell and away we rush.
The fields flash by with incredible speed.
Our gay red bus is a valiant steed.

With a grind and a lurch we are down the dip:
“Oh lor, what a shock,” says Mrs. Smith.
“Fair give you the creeps these buses do.”
Says Mrs. Jones, “I agree with you.”

“Now then, fares please,” the conductor cries,
“You women sound like bees in a hive.
Have you all got your tickets please?
Just take that child upon your knees.”

A rush of cold air from the open door.
There can’t be room for many more.
The dusk becomes the curtain of night.
The town is here and we all alight.

C. J. SHAKLES
(Low. IV.a).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring term opened on Tuesday, January 10th, and closes on Tuesday, April 4th.

The annual Speech Day gathering took place in the Alcester Picture House on Thursday, December 8th, when Mr. Denis Morris, Midland Regional Director of the B.B.C., gave the address and presented examination certificates and other awards.

The "Spencer" Cup, awarded to the candidate obtaining the best results in the School Certificate examination last July, was won by Mary Burrows.

The "Mason" Cup, for the best Middle School pupil during the year, was gained by Patricia Elmore.

The Scout Cup, for the leading patrol in the troop, was awarded jointly to the Eagles and the Panthers.

Mr. E. S. Walker, who joined the Staff in 1915, is retiring at the end of the present term.

Hockey colours have been awarded to Janet Holder (for the second time), A. Perkins, R. Varney, P. Aspinwall and D. Palmer.

C. J. E. Kempster has been awarded an Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Clare College, Cambridge. Kempster has received all his education at Alcester Grammar School, being admitted to Form I of the Preparatory Department in May, 1938. Last term we announced that he had obtained a State Scholarship.

J. Holifield has been offered a place at New College, Oxford, where he will continue his studies after the completion of his military service.

J. Prestidge has been accepted for entrance to Magdalen College, Oxford.

New Prefects this term are Jennifer Birch, Barbara Bryan, Drusilla Mortimore and Gillian Winspear.

Football colours have been awarded to McCarthy.

"Busman's Honeymoon" was presented before large audiences at the Entaco Canteen, Studley, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, December 15th and 16th. An article on this production will be found on another page of this magazine.

Towards the end of last term workmen took charge in the school playgrounds. The remains of the wooden fence (for several years a mere skeleton) between the two playgrounds were removed, the whole area was resurfaced, and the asphaltting at the girl's end of the school was extended to take in the strip of grass between the old hard tennis court and the side line of the football field. This extension has allowed the netball pitch to be turned at right angles to its old direction.

The half-yearly examinations took place from February 16th to 24th.

On Monday, February 6th, members of the girls' 1st and 2nd hockey teams, with Miss Hewitt and Miss Jolley, travelled to Bournville to see the Ladies' Regional Hockey match between the Midlands and the West.

At the end of January, the County Dental Officer began an inspection at the school, and since then treatment has been provided for a number of pupils.

Half-term holiday was Monday, February 27th.

In the Oxford School Certificate examination in December, C. E. Buckley obtained a certificate with seven credits.

On Tuesday, December 20th, a combined Carol Service for Alcester Grammar School and St. Faith's School was held in St. Nicholas Church, Alcester.

A party from Upper V.a and the Sixth, with Mr. and Mrs. Petherbridge, attended a production on Wednesday, February 22nd, of "L'Avare," given at Birmingham University by the Cercle Français.

Hockey colours have been awarded to Holifield.

TOO TALL ?

I am very tall, especially for my age. Is it an advantage or a disadvantage to be tall?

I am glad to be able to say that I would rather be tall than short, but, on the face of it, there are drawbacks. Perhaps the greatest is what elder people say to me about my height . . . "Goodness, when will you stop growing?" . . . "She gets taller every time I see her!" . . . "You will soon touch the clouds, if you don't stop growing, Jill!" I feel so embarrassed when people say things like these.

One disadvantage nearly as great is that, since I have grown rather quickly, I grow out of clothes very fast (needless to say, mother thinks this by far the greatest disadvantage!). It is so annoying, when,

at the beginning of a new season I joyfully put on a favourite frock or skirt, and find it is too small or short for me. Of course, there is the point that I often have new clothes as a result of this, but then I think how wonderful it would be if I could both keep the old clothes and have new ones—what a large wardrobe I should need!

Another disadvantage which, though slight, can be very annoying, is my inability to stand up straight in most buses, double-decker buses in particular. This can be very embarrassing, especially if I knock my hat or beret askew.

A disadvantage, of which I am reminded almost every day, is that most of my friends are quite a lot smaller than I am, and therefore, I have to "talk down" to them. Also, if a friend whispers something to me, I have to bend my head to hear it, and this is a very obvious action to anyone looking on.

To end my disadvantages on a comical note, here is one which I have only recently discovered. One evening last week I walked with my mother, who is shorter than I am, to the library. It was raining, and mother had an umbrella. Before long I found that my eyes were in danger of being "poked out" by the spokes of mother's umbrella; so, for the rest of the way, I was careful to walk at a safe distance behind her. I shall be very wary of going out with mother another wet night, I can assure you!

Because of my height, I am often thought to be older than I really am. I can't decide whether this is an advantage or a disadvantage. However, I remember feeling very indignant when, one day the dentist asked my age, and the nurse, on hearing it, seemed loth to believe me. I stopped asking for half-fares on buses before I was fourteen for this reason; I daren't face the looks that I knew I should get otherwise. When I was on a bus with my mother one day, the conductor actually did ask, "Which is the half?"

What my mother considers to be the greatest advantage of my being tall, is that I can reach things off high shelves for her. I sometimes think that, perhaps, this is a mixed blessing.

Another advantage of being tall, is being able to see over people's heads. This is especially useful when I want to watch a popular hockey-match, or something of that kind—then all the shorter girls greatly envy me!

A point about being tall, which people often mention to me, is that at many of the leading fashion-houses, mannequins are not accepted unless they are at least five feet ten inches tall. It pleases me to think that the girls who model the leading fashions are as tall as I am.

I am, then, pleased that I am tall, although there are disadvantages. One of my ambitions is to drive a car, but I cannot get a licence for another two years. I am now wondering whether my height might persuade policemen that I am seventeen already—this, indeed, would be a very satisfying advantage!

JILL KEMPSTER
(Upp. V.a).

SHATTERED PEACE

All is peaceful in the early Spring morning. The trees of the avenue rustle in the gentle breeze. Flowers are bright in the early sun, and a thrush hops about in search of any worms which dare to appear.

A solitary workman passes down the road, and there is no one with whom he may share the joys of an early Spring morning.

In the distance the old church clock strikes eight, ringing out clearly through the still morning air. Sparrows twitter under the eaves as they busily feed their ever-hungry young. The grey squirrel springs gaily from branch to branch, high up in the trees, happily aware that there is nobody to disturb him.

But alas, as the clock chimes the quarter-past-eight, the peace and stillness of the morning air is shattered! A blue vehicle appears on the scene, and this seems to be the signal for all the world to stir.

Doors and windows are flung open, as people with bright red berets emerge from all directions. Chattering gaily, they all make for one white post situated at the side of the road. Then begins a great shouting for one of their members who has yet to arrive; but their efforts are wasted, for nobody else appears.

Each person carries a bulging satchel, and some also have hockey-sticks, which manage to get hooked together in the scurry to reach the post.

The vehicle draws up by the post, and everyone makes a dive for the door, with the exception of one unfortunate person, who has scattered books all over the pavement. Peals of laughter and cries of derision proceed from the conveyance, as the unlucky person hurries to retrieve her scattered possessions, her beret flying from her head in the attempt. At last, everyone, complete with satchel, hockey-stick and beret, is packed into the vehicle and the blue bus departs on its journey to A.G.S.

Peace descends on the neighbourhood once more, and the birds twitter happily, the thrush catches his worms, and the squirrel bounds from tree to tree.

The only difference in the scene is the solitary member of A.G.S. in place of the workman!

FRANCES HIGHMAN (VI)

MY VALENTINE

Not tall, not dark, or handsome he,
Yet firm in his fidelity.
No other love has he, but me.
My Valentine.

And I remember, still with bliss,
The night he gave me his first kiss.
When he's not there, how I miss
My Valentine.

No child has a sweetheart who
More faithful is, more fond and true,
But then you see he's only two,
My Valentine.

MARGARET ROSE,
(Low. V.a).

TV

One day during the Summer of 1949, discussion in the Sixth Form turned to the coming of Television to the Midlands. One of our less scientific members threw out the challenge, " You science fellows ought to be able to build a television set." A few days later several Sixth-formers were seen poring over small pamphlets purporting to lead their readers into the mysteries of television construction. Many private study periods and dinner hours were devoted to this task. In time the peculiar diagrams, the tortuous circuits, the numerous small components, began to mean something at long last. It was seen that an excursion to Birmingham was necessary, and a list of radio shops was made. One hot day two members returned, hot and perspiring, carrying ex-radar equipment into the Physics laboratory ; the task had begun in earnest. If the reader has ever looked in a television set revolving in a shop window, he, no doubt, has been astonished at the complexity of this material called wireless. Something of this feeling descended upon the small group of " scientists " who were present when the radar units were uncovered. The rows of valves and complicated wiring seemed very different from the neat circuit diagrams as displayed in the pamphlets.

The August holidays had started, and we decided to meet and make our first assault upon our self-imposed task. We arrived early one morning at school, and how strangely quiet it was! Armed with soldering-irons and pliers, we worked for a few hours, stopping only for coffee from a vacuum flask and sandwiches. One member was so engrossed in his task that he missed his bus that should have taken him home to a neighbouring town, and he had to walk.

After about a week's work the set was almost complete. All the thirty valves were in place, the host of condensers and resistors were in circuit, and the moment had arrived for moving the final switch. Would there be a short circuit, a blue flash, brown fumes? The switch was thrown, all the valves glowed, and a square raster appeared on the end of the television tube. A sigh of relief escaped the watchers. It may be of interest to the reader to know that a " raster " is the basic picture on which the final image is portrayed.

The set had still to be tuned in readiness for the day when Sutton Coldfield transmitter began its service. The difficulty of the task is realised when it is remembered that television signals have a very small wavelength and a vibration frequency of 61.75 million cycles per second. It is interesting to notice that the picture, or raster, is made by a moving spot of light that makes 405 lines on 25 occasions each second. Thus, in every second the moving pinpoint of light traces over 10,000 lines. On a journey of six inches a line, this makes a speed of over 3,000 miles per hour.

On December 17th, 1949, using the first television licence issued in the town of Alcester, the first pictures were successfully received.

A. HADWEN
(VI).

REFINED TORTURE

What worse form of refined torture can there be than Homework?

What a nuisance it is! Every day, when asked whether you can go out anywhere, you have to answer, "Depends on my homework." And so you either have to stay in a stuffy house and make yourself sick, or else go out and stay up late, or get up early, just to swat up some miserable old French verbs. Then the staff wonder why you are tired during their lessons. Result—more homework in the form of writing.

Many subjects take an hour or even more to do, and if you just do your set three-quarters of an hour's work, you are either told you are lazy, or else that you did not take the full time. Result—loss of marks. If you finish your homework you usually get utterly tired of that subject, and so do not want to do any more. Result—a bad head.

If you forget a book and cannot do your homework, hardly anybody will believe you; and so, on top of the worry about what would happen to you, you are usually told, "Two pages of writing for tomorrow morning, or else . . ."

And to think that you were once told that you were lucky to go to a Grammar School. I agree on all points, except HOMEWORK!

J. A. SAVAGE

(Low. V.a).

THE SCHOOL DENTIST

The School Dentist arrived today;
The tools he brought were a great array.
We knew he was coming a week ago,
And now away we wish he'd go.

As the zero hour drew near,
Most of the form shook with fear.
The bell rang—the time had come,
The nervous ones sat pale and dumb.

"First three," the nurse walked in and said.
I wish to goodness I was back in bed,
Down the stairs we went in terror,
Savage, Sharpe, and self together.

The nurse then said, "First one, please."
All were knocking at the knees;
I saw the dentist standing there;
He smiled and pointed to the chair.

I sat down keeping perfectly still,
Till I spied hammer, chisel and drill.
The dentist said, "Now open wide
And let me have a look inside."

Said he, "My boy, your teeth are fine,
Your set is quite as good as mine."
I gave a really heartfelt sigh,
And promptly wished that man goodbye.

H. FEAST

(Low. V.a).

PERSONAL PLEASURES

A great deal of scorn has been poured upon the "simple pleasures" of life. I do not know if my pleasures are simple or extraordinary, peaceful or wicked; all I know is that throughout the seasons of the year I have certain pleasures at certain times, and each year they return with equal force.

My springtime pleasures are always accompanied by a delightful sense of freedom—probably because I have shed my winter woollies with great relief! Yet there is more than freedom in the air. There is, too, a faint expectancy. Everything is renewed, fresh, clean and lovely. The first woolly lamb, the first sweet smelling primroses and violets, the bright feathers of the birds, the faint green haze on the trees, and the fresh, clear pink of larch cones. But above all the delights of spring, perhaps the most appealing is the fresh tang of the atmosphere after a shower of rain, the smell of the earth, and the sharply-acid tang of wet mayflowers.

Spring is essentially fresh in tone, but summer brings a warmth and laziness, which appeals to my slightly sleepy nature. I love to lie in a deck-chair, smelling the new-mown grass, idly watching those foolish people who rush about on tennis courts, getting themselves uncomfortably hot for no reason at all. I love the languishing heat of a July afternoon, when I can lie in the long grass with nothing to do but dream impossible dreams, or float aimlessly in a punt with willows dappling the sluggish river water with cool shadows. Another pleasure of summer is to lean on a fence and watch the breeze ripple over a field of half-grown wheat. But above all my summer pleasures the one I enjoy most is the exquisite coolness of clear water after the heat of the sun. What more could one want in the summer?

Autumn to me always brings a satisfied feeling of fulfilment. There is a fascinating, fruity smell in the air, and the rich, slightly garish colours of autumn flowers seem to match the atmosphere perfectly. There is a faint feeling of regret when the swallows gather on the telephone wires, and with a rush of wings and a twittering noise leave us to the rigours—and joys—of winter.

I loathe the cold of winter, but the season nevertheless has its compensations. What a pleasant feeling one gets from jumping suddenly on the thin ice in a cart-rut, spattering it in all directions! I take immense pleasure in rushing suddenly through a pile of dried-up, crackly leaves, scattering them to the four winds. Silly, perhaps, but fun!

Winter, too, brings a cosiness to the home—the warmth of a fire with a cat purring on the rug—a warmth made warmer by the cold sound of the wind howling outside. The excitement and exquisite secrecy before Christmas, and the exciting bubble of pale, golden champagne sparkling in the glasses on Christmas Day—what joy! Associated with winter too, is my love of the feel and glow of velvet, and the essentially feminine swish of taffeta.

These are my pleasures as the title promised, dear reader, and with such pleasures in mind, let us return to the pleasures of spring.

DOROTHY A. ROSE (VI).

OLLA PODRIDA

According to P.B., Abraham's descendants were still no-men.

Judge Clements, says M.B., enjoys a good joke when he sees one.

Theseus, when asked to wrestle, excepted.

A firing-piece, explains J.K., was part of a fireplace.

When the Germans invaded Belgium, they took away with them, writes P.G., many voluble workers.

Canos eius capillos venerati, according to an Upper Fifth Latin scholar, means "reverencing his dog's hairs."

My mother had been washing, writes L.G., and she went into the out-house to mangle it.

According to a Sixth Form historian, Charles and Buckingham went to Spain to press a suit.

A member of the Third asserted that he had previously learnt all about "General" Bede.

The Canaanites warshipped Baal.

MY DOG

I have a faithful animal,
A mongrel, Rex by name.
He loves to eat and gnaw a bone,
As well as play a game.

Every morning early,
He comes up to my bed,
To see if I am still asleep.
If so, he licks my head.

He wants to go an early walk,
So up I have to get ;
It really gets quite tiresome,
Especially when it's wet.

But I really think it's worth it,
The fun I have with him ;
And I really love my mongrel,
With every bone and limb.

SHEILA WINSPEAR.
(Low. IV.a).

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

Mr. Percival Montague-Muggeridge was an ardent supporter of horse-racing. While a mere youth, this worthy gentleman's fortune had been won by his indulgence in betting.

One day, however, a dreadful thing happened. Mr. Montague-Muggeridge lost a bet. Naturally, he was very upset and, on confiding his trouble to a friend, was informed of the whereabouts and talents of a prophetic being. This prophetic being was said to be an authority on horse-racing, and our hero naturally took this hint, and departed to Scotland to interview him.

Mr. X, as I shall call him for convenience, was an eccentric old miser, who lived in a partly-ruined castle in a lonely district. Mr. Montague-Muggeridge and he became firm friends. Every year, four days before the Derby, Mr. Montague-Muggeridge would depart for Scotland and Mr. X.

On one of these annual meetings the two friends became involved in a discussion about Mr. X's talents. Mr. X affirmed that he could forecast events for over a thousand years. At this juncture Mr. Montague-Muggeridge demanded to be informed about the winner of the Derby in 3,000 A.D.

Mr. X became very thoughtful, stood upon his head, as he was wont to do when prophesying, and at length he began to speak.

This briefly is what he prophesied. In the year 3,000 A.D. there would be no Derby. He foresaw that there would be a youth, who would be considered an oddity by his generation. This youth, said Mr. X., would be interested in what would then be considered as mythological beasts. The researches of this same youth would reveal to him such beasts as mules, donkeys, zebras, and lastly, horses.

At this the enraged Mr. Montague-Muggeridge attempted to interrupt, but without success. Mr. X merely continued saying that this youth would be fascinated by the word horse, and that his researches into ancient relics, such as documents and books, would be extensive. It would be discovered by this youth, went on Mr. X, that the horse had lived over a thousand years ago. The boy would find that the horse had been a quadruped, used by man for purposes of transport and pleasure. In 3,000 A.D., continued Mr. X., owing to researches by this youth, the horse would appear in children's stories and would be a source of ridicule for adults; it would be thought a truly ridiculous beast, and people would not believe that it had ever existed.

This last statement was too much for Mr. Montague-Muggeridge. He stormed out of the house and strode down the drive, fuming. He never again returned to Mr. X, who, I am sorry to say, never again communicated with his friend.

MARY BURROWS
(VI).

MIDLANDS PLAY WEST AT BOURNVILLE

This exciting event took place on the afternoon of Monday, February 6th. The 1st and 2nd XI hockey teams and some reserves were lucky enough to be able to go and see it. I was one of the fortunate ones.

The departure from school was about one o'clock, and travelling in comfort, we soon arrived at Bournville. Of course, the majority of us hoped that the Midlands would win, while a few, with mingled expectations, hoped that it would be a draw.

The sun was shining when we arrived, but soon it went behind a cloud and we had to sit close together for warmth.

It was a very pleasant change from Arithmetic and double Physics, to be sitting there on the side of a breezy hilltop, watching the close struggle on the field below. There were tense moments when the West were taking corners or when the Midland goalie was being attacked by a flying ball.

There were several International players on the field, and one of these, the Midland left-wing, was conspicuous for her speed in taking the ball up the field and for the clever way in which she centred it.

The West were certainly the superior team, as was shown by the score at half-time, 1—0 in their favour. They finally won by 3 goals to nil.

We came home full of enthusiasm, already budding Internationals in our imagination.

WENDY LOVELL
(Upp. IV.a).

HUNTING SQUIRRELS

About this time of the year men go out hunting for grey squirrels, which are pests. This is the best time of the year, because they have not started breeding yet, and the trees are bare, so that you can see their nests, which are called dreys. Each year the doe has about a dozen young—probably three litters.

To get the squirrels out of the nest, men use a long, light metal pole with a hook on the end. It takes about four men to do this job—two to carry the pole, which is in sections, and to poke the nest out, while the others wait with guns to shoot the squirrels.

There are two kinds of nests. There is one made of dry leaves and bracken; this is an open nest. The other sort is also made of bracken and dry leaves, on a basket sort of foundation of twigs. The top is covered over, with a little hole for the squirrel to get in and out. This is about the shape and size of a football.

There are two kinds of squirrels: the red one and the grey one, though the red one, which is not a pest, seems to be dying out.

A. THORNTON
(III.a).

OUR JACKDAW

We found our Jackdaw nearly half-way across a ploughed field. It must have fallen out of its nest and struggled that far. So we took it home, and as it could not feed itself we pushed the food down its throat. We fed and kept it for three months before it started to feed itself. Meanwhile all it could do was to caw and hop about.

When it was older it came down to the house for its food. One night when we went to feed it we could not find it. When at last we did find it, it was perched on a picture in our bedroom, fast asleep.

A day or two later we heard such a commotion up the garden. We found that the Jackdaw had got in the rabbit pen and was making a nuisance of itself. It was strutting about with lumps of fur in its beak, and the seven young rabbits were a yard away huddled in a corner. After that we had to shut it up at nights, because it would sleep in there. The other day, however, it came to a sad end, for a rat chewed its way into its pen and killed poor old Jack.

I. R. TROUT
(Low. IV.a).

MY AMBITION

When I am asked what I would like to be when I leave school, it sets me thinking. I have changed my mind several times, but after a recent conversation with my cousin, who has just become a journalist, I have finally decided that is what I should like to be. He has told me of many interesting interviews he has already conducted. One that greatly appealed to me was his account of the Welcoming Home Party of the Festival Company who have been touring in Australia this winter. There were many actors, actresses and producers there, several of whom gave him an interview, and he found they had had a very pleasant stay abroad.

Yes, I have decided I will be a journalist if it is possible.

JANET WINSPEAR
(Upp. IV.b).

MY WISH

I'd like to be a mother,
With little children three,
And live in a pretty cottage,
Quite near a chestnut tree.

I'd make them lots of jellies,
And fancy cakes for tea.
Then tell them fairy stories,
With baby on my knee.

We'd have some jolly picnics,
Beneath the chestnut tree.
Then off to bed they'd quickly go,
As happy as could be.

RUTH HIGHMAN
(III.a).

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

On December 9th, Miss Phillips, the County Organiser of the Barnardo Helpers' League, paid us her annual visit and superintended the box-opening. The amount subscribed totalled £6 16s. 0d., which was nearly £3 above last year's total. This was an excellent result, and Miss Phillips expressed her appreciation of the efforts of the members, six of whom earned short-service badges. Another sum of £1 15s. was contributed by members and non-members to the Christmas Tree Fund.

In the afternoon, four films, showing various aspects of life in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, were very much enjoyed by the Junior School.

Our membership remains at 60. We were very pleased to enrol ten new members to take the place of those who have left school. We should, however, like to improve on this, and are always open to receive new members.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term we have been well provided with lectures. We have had three demonstrations from Johnson's, with each of which they sent us a supply of their photographic chemicals. An interesting lecture from Kodak on "Airgraphs," which they ran during the war, was accompanied by a silent film, and we are shortly to have another lecture from them on the History of Photography.

On other afternoons we have done practical work in our new dark-room, and we have just offered to coach some photographically-minded Scouts for proficiency badges.

Our enlarger is progressing, but rather slowly, and as we have so far been unsuccessful in our search for a reasonably-priced lens for it, our funds are quite substantial.

C.J.E.K.

THE RADIO SOCIETY

Our numbers have been further depleted this term, as Hill and Bryan have left school. In addition to the normal study of wireless, we have cleaned and repaired several pieces of Physics Laboratory apparatus, and interesting experiments in Physics are carried out from time to time. Haines, our treasurer, left in July, and Warburton has been elected in his place. Several Scouts have been present at our meetings with a view to obtaining proficiency badges. It is hoped that we shall be able to hire films on the radio industry in the near future. New members from the Upper School will be welcomed.

M. R. PERRYMAN
(Hon. Sec.)

STAMP CLUB

A new feature has this term been introduced into our meetings, in the form of short talks by some of the members on stamps from their own collections. These talks have proved most interesting, and have encouraged younger members to study their own stamps more carefully. Collections continue to grow steadily through exchange of duplicates, while members have obtained stamps for fresh pages in their albums by the purchase of mixed packets with the club's funds. Further competitions have been arranged, and the standard of the entries improves each time.

Much interest is shown in the weekly "Stamp Mirror," which circulates among members, who are thus kept in touch with what is happening in the world of stamps.

MUSIC SOCIETY

At the end of last term the whole school attended a very successful Carol Service in the Church, and the Music Society had the privilege of forming the choir and singing the descants to several well-known carols. Everyone joined whole-heartedly in the singing, and we hope that it will become an annual event.

Miss Griffiths is unfortunately unable to stay for more than half-an-hour on Friday afternoons, but Mr. Bell has very kindly offered his services for the remainder of the afternoon, for which we are very grateful.

All this term we have been practising hard for a concert, which we hope to hold at the end of term.

F.M.H.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At our first meeting this term the following new Officers were elected: *President*, Bamford; *Treasurer*, Buckley; *Social Secretary*, Janet Davies, and *Secretary*, Ann Perkins; Sheila Bartlett and Jill Kempster to represent Upper V.a and Pritchard and Sargeant, Upper V.b.

We have had very encouraging meetings during General Activities, and have already had two play readings by our members after school. The first play was "Androcles and the Lion," a comedy by George Bernard Shaw, and the second a short skit, "The 'Ole in the Road." The large attendances and enthusiasm of the audiences were very encouraging, and we hope to be able to arrange for other such readings in the near future.

ANN PERKINS.

SCOUTS

The most important event this term has been the formation of a senior patrol, consisting of the patrol leaders and a few others over the age of fifteen. This patrol will cover more ground and make much faster progress than the rest of the troop. It has been formed so that there will be at hand a body of more or less trained and experienced scouts to assist in the running of the troop, and to take over in any emergency.

It is possible now to gain any proficiency badge; several scouts have already taken advantage of this. Many scouts, also, have taken advantage of the kind offers of the Radio Society and the Photographic Society to help them in gaining the wireless and photographic badges.

Several scouts have passed the second class semaphore test. In the games that we have played, the patrols have started competing again for the Scout Cup. At present the Peewits and the Beavers are leading with 13 points. The Panthers follow with 12.

A. G. BLUNDELL
(Troop Leader).

HOCKEY (Boys)

Captain: HOLIFIELD.

Vice-captain: BUCKLEY.

Secretary: HADWEN.

So far this term we have played three matches, and already a considerable improvement has been shown above the standard of last year's play. There are many indications of promise amongst the younger members of the XI, and we are pleased to see that team spirit has been restored to its former level.

The match with Evesham P.H.G.S. was played on a frozen surface, and, but for the fact that on several occasions the Evesham forwards proved too fast for the School defence, the score might not have been so high. The Bromsgrove match also revealed several lapses and weaknesses in the defence.

The School defeated the Old Scholars XI by one goal to none, after a very close and eagerly-contested match. But for the hesitation and weakness of the School's forwards in front of goal, the score might have been higher, although at times the defence did well to prevent the Old Scholars from scoring. Our thanks are due to those Old Scholars who turned out for a game which everyone enjoyed, and which is notable for the wonderful display of goal-keeping given by C. Bunting.

The following have played in the 1st XI:—Buckley, Hadwen, Bamford, Fielding, Trout, Drew, Paddock, Miller i, McCarthy, Fogg, Wesson, Savage ii, Sharpe i and Holifield.

J. H.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Evesham P.H.G.S.	(away)	Lost, 0—5.
"	v. Bromsgrove School	(away)	Lost, 0—5.
"	v. Old Scholars XI	(home)	Won, 1—0.
2nd XI	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI	(away)	Lost, 3—6.

HOCKEY (Girls)

Captain: R. VARNEY. Vice-captain: P. ASPINWALL. Secretary: A. PERKINS.

This term we have been disappointed at having four of our matches cancelled owing to the bad weather and the pitch being under water. We have also been unfortunate because a number of the members of the 1st XI have been away from school.

We have played only three matches so far, losing them all, but we were unlucky to lose the last match against Bromsgrove, as we were winning until about ten minutes from time.

We have a new fixture later in the term, against Studley College, and we hope to do better.

The School this term has been represented by:—

1st XI: Barbara Druller, Sheila Spencer, Betty Phillips, Jennifer Hammond, Pat Aspinwall, Beryl Clarke, Rosamund Varney, Wendy Lovell, Ann Perkins, Barbara Bryan, Dorothy Palmer.

2nd XI: Jean Finnemore, Margaret Cund, Pat Elmore, Sheila Winspear, Pat Tipping, Gillian Winspear, Ann Wilson, Margaret Woodfield, Sheila Thompson, Sheila Tipping, Frances Highman.

P.A.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Chipping Campden G.S.	(away)	Lost, 2—3.
„	v. Evesham P.H.G.S.	(home)	Lost, 0—5.
„	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S.	(home)	Lost, 1—2.
A.G.S. 2nd XI.	v. Evesham P.H.G.S.	(home)	Lost, 1—5.
„	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S.	(home)	Lost, 0—5.

NETBALL

The Netball this term has shown some improvement, and we feel that with keen practice the future matches will be more successful. Much encouragement has been given to the lower school this term since an under-15 team has been formed.

The School was represented by two teams, senior and junior, in the Netball Rally at Leamington on January 28th. Both teams reached the semi-final, then were defeated by Leamington College.

On account of hockey being the chief game played during the winter terms, much difficulty is found in selecting a complete Netball seven without encroaching on the hockey team.

The teams have been chosen from the following:—

1st VII: S. Dyke, C. Hartwell, G. Malpass, J. Birch, F. Highman, J. Davies, D. Browne, D. Etsell, J. Dayer-Smith, M. Craddock, S. Spencer.

2nd VII: J. Hammond, D. Palmer, S. George, A. Edwards, E. Craddock, G. Smith, M. Rawbone, M. Taylor, J. Kempster, P. Gibson, K. Norton, P. Tipping.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st VII.	v. Chipping Campden G.S.	(away)	Lost, 6—11.
„	v. Hugh Clopton School	(home)	Lost, 10—13.
„	Leamington Netball Rally,	1st match, won, 5—0.	
		2nd match, lost, 4—20.	
A.G.S. 2nd VII.	v. Hugh Clopton School 2nd VII.	(home)	Drawn, 9—9.
	Leamington Netball Rally,	1st match, won, 4—0.	
		2nd match, lost, 1—26.	

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following matches were played too late for inclusion in the December magazine :—

FOOTBALL

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. St. Philip's G.S., Birmingham	(home)	Lost, 0—4.
	v. St. Philip's G.S., Birmingham	(away)	Lost, 0—8.
	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S.	(home)	Lost, 2—12.
	v. Chipping Campden G.S.	(home)	Lost, 1—5.
	v. Redditch C.H.S.	(away)	Lost, 3—5.
	v. Old Scholars	(home)	Won, 9—8

Sides Matches : Jackals 3, Brownies 2 ; Jackals 2, Tomtits 1.

Sides Matches (under 15) : Jackals 1, Brownies 1 ; Tomtits 2, Jackals 1

HOCKEY (Girls)

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Chipping Campden G.S.	(home)	Won, 4—3.
2nd XI.	v. Chipping Campden G.S. 2nd XI.	(home)	Lost, 1—7.

Sides Matches : Jackals 3, Tomtits 0 ; Jackals 3, Brownies 2 ; Brownies 2, Tomtits 0.

Sides Matches (under 15) : Jackals 5, Brownies 0 ; Jackals 6, Tomtits 0 ; Brownies 3, Tomtits 0.

NETBALL

A.G.S. 1st VII.	v. Studley College	(away)	Drawn, 13—13.
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Sides Matches : Jackals 16, Brownies 1 ; Tomtits 10, Brownies 9 ; Jackals 12, Tomtits 6.

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